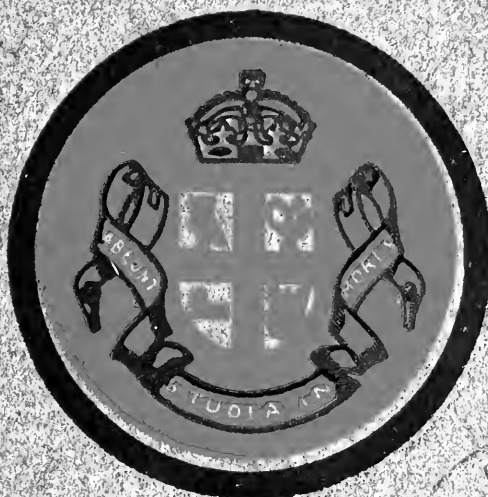


VOL. XXXV

NUMBER ONE

Acta Victoriana

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OCTOBER
1911



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OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1911

OCTOBER :

2. Night Schools open (Session 1911-1912). (Begin on 1st October.)
14. Trustees' Report on purchases for Public School Libraries, to Inspectors, due. (On or before 15th October.)

NOVEMBER :

1. Inspectors' Report on Rural Library grants, due. (Not later than 1st November.)
- Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for Free Text Books to Rural Schools. (Not later than 1st November.)

DECEMBER :

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (On or before 1st December.)
- Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December.)
- Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second Instalment. (On or before 1st December.)
11. Model School Final Examination begins. (Subject to appointment.)
12. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (Before second Wednesday in December.)
- Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (Before second Wednesday in December.)
- Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (Not later than 14th December.)
15. County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December.)
- Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. (On or before 15th December.)
- Model Schools close.
22. High Schools, first term, and Normal, Public and Separate Schools close. (End 22nd December.)
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Monday).
- New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (Not to take effect before 25th December.)
27. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (Last Wednesday in December, or day following if a holiday.)

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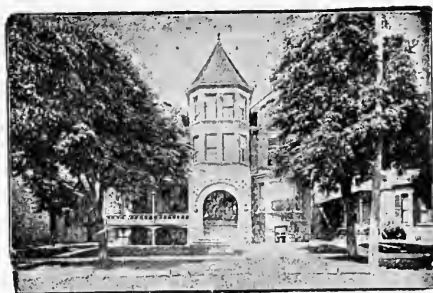
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ACTA VICTORIANA



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Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary
Society of Victoria University, Toronto.

Autumn

BY A. L. BURT, B.A.

The hollow roaring of the autumn wind
Through the long night, as mourning for the dead,
The lifeless dawn, the day all lined with lead,
The chill faint sunset with the night behind
All tell the darkening of nature's mind
For her long sleep, deep in her mouldy bed,
Of glories gone on which her dreams are fed,
But still of visions bright like which the blind do nourish,
So dame Autumn mourns and sighs
Alone with an infinite tenderness.
But, as the tears are frozen in her eyes,
The melancholy rustling of her dress
Is hushed: then from beyond the leaden skies
A music steals to consecrate and bless.



C. C. JAMES, M.A., C.M.G.

See Page 36.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1911.

No. 1.

VACATION SKETCHES

LANDING A HUNDRED-TONNER

BY H. J. G., '13

ON the twentieth day of July, of the year 1911, I visited the little harbor of Beaverton, where a rather large whale factory has recently been erected.

I had often gone out with the small fishermen catching cod, salmon and halibut, but now I was bound whale fishing. Even before I had boarded the whale steamer I had begun to consider salmon and halibut very small fry.

Captain Hanson, of the whaling boat "Cabot," let me have free use of a berth in his cabin. I found the captain a most agreeable gentleman, and before we were two days at sea he had become positively friendly.

On the morning of the third day he made me a very strange offer. It was to the effect that I might, if I wished, shoot the very first whale we happened to sight. I stared at him in blank astonishment. Was he serious? Was I really to shoot a whale? He assured me that it was his intention to grant me the pleasure of killing one of the largest of living species of animals. I was

too excited to walk straight; I would step too high and upset my balance, but I imagined that the rolling of the ship was to blame for the unsteadiness of my gait.

At about eleven o'clock a shout from the mast-head brought myself and the captain on deck. I could see great columns of spray rising twenty feet in the air in every direction: we were in sight of a school of northern whales. The engines slowed up gradually, and in a few minutes we were into the midst of the school. I soon noticed that the ship was heading for a very peculiar fish, but by no means the largest one of the number. I asked the captain the reason for this. He was looking very serious, and replied that this was a sperm, and worth at least ten times as much as the largest one of the others. I thereupon asked him what he considered the value of the monster ahead. "Figure out," he said, "the value of sixty barrels of choicest sperm oil, each barrel containing a hundred gallons, when such oil is worth fifty cents a half-pint."

"That will very nearly amount to five thousand dollars," I said.

"There are at least sixty barrels in that fellow's head," he replied. "The fat on the carcass will be worth ten thousand dollars, and the bone in its head worth five thousand more."

"That makes my fish worth twenty thousand dollars," I said.

He assured me that this was a modest estimation.

By this time we had got close up to the creature. I felt wretchedly nervous; my knees grew suddenly weak, and my teeth chattered beyond my control. I asked my friend if he would not entrust the capture of so splendid a prize to a more experienced gunner.

"Steady," the captain said, softly; "steady, and take careful aim."

The huge creature lay motionless for fully a half-minute. I crouched and gingerly manipulated the cannon. After several adjustments, bang! went the cannon; whiz! went the line, and away went the harpoon; but to my bitter disappointment it did not go within ten feet of the whale. We chased it for a quarter of an hour before another good chance occurred. I fired again, and missed. My third shot was successful, and I had the unbounded delight of seeing my harpoon shivering in the back of the monster.

I was suddenly flung from my rapturous state into one of grim horror, when I heard a roar, compared to which the report of the cannon was but as the crack of a pistol. It rang, not only in my ears, but in the very depth of my nature; it was the agonized roar of a monster struck with a mortal wound. My soul was the more deeply stirred when I saw the baby whale hovering along in the wake of its mother. The little fellow was only twenty-five feet long and twenty feet in circumference, and, as the captain assured me, but a day or two old at the furthest.

I was aroused from my sentimental reverie by hearty slaps on the shoulder from the captain and gunner, and by wild hurrahs from the crew.

The screw was reversed and the ship commenced to steam backwards, and the whale, with another furious roar, dashed off in a seaward direction. The line flew out like a bright flash of lightning; it smoked and fumed in the hawsepipes, and water was applied to keep it from burning. With a jerk that sent me sprawling all over the deck, the ship was brought up and carried at an incredible rate in the other direction. On and on went the whale, and on came the ship, the spray flying in clouds from her bows. For four hours it maintained a speed of thirty-five knots an hour before it showed the first sign of fatigue.

During that time I stood in incomparable ecstacy. I thought of those little heroes who boast of their catches of salmon, their five, or six, or eight-pounders. Their lines were made but of thread; mine was a half a foot in circumference. Their fish could but pluck the rod from the hand of a man; mine was carrying off a whole ship and its crew. Their prize could make but a meal for five or six men; mine could feed a thousand Eskimos for a month, besides the twenty thousand dollars' worth of whalebone and oil.

Mine was a mighty catch!

I felt big, gigantic, that day, and everyone else seemed but pigmies. I mistook the shadow of the smokestack for my own. I saw a marlinspike stuck in the deck, and thought it was one of the crew. There seemed to be but two large creatures left in the world—myself and my monstrous sperm.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A MANUAL AND A MAGNET

BY RUTH E. SPENCE

We were agents, P. M. and I, for the Twentieth Century Cook Book, by the sale of which during the summer we expected to finance our college year, and to secure ourselves against approaching old age. Our Manual of Instructions for Agents was clear and convincing, and we had *made its contents part of ourselves*. We had acquired, in accordance with its instructions, an *intelligent enthusiasm* for the Cook Book—the *most comprehensive compendium of culinary investigation, an indispensable adjunct of the scientific kitchen*. So that it was with confident exterior and the Manual for Agents to make up for any little deficiencies in the interior, that we began to canvass in a town as far as possible removed from all acquaintances.

"Now, momentum for the onslaught! *Step one*," I quoted. "*Secure attention. A favorable first impression is most important. Be unhesitating to grasp the primal opportunity. Do not flinch. Step two—Rouse an interest. Be earnest and animated. Remember there is an untold influence in the manner.*"

"*Intelligent enthusiasm* comes in there," suggested P. M.

"*Step three—Create a desire*. That is your specialty, P. M.," I said. (I called her P. M. for that *indispensable attribute of the successful salesman—Personal Magnetism*. I had decided that she should be the Personal Magnet; but she didn't like the name, for it reminded her of post-mortem.) "You must bring all the strength of your personality to create in your customer a desire for a Cook Book. It will spoil it all," I said severely, "if you do it so obviously. It must be unconscious. *This is the culmination of effort. Step four—Effect a decision.*

"Now, don't forget a *copious supply of adjectives*. *Analyze the characters of your customers, and adapt yourself to circumstances.*

"Eeny, meeny, meiny, moe! This immaculate residence looks as if it belonged to a successful business man, keen and hard as nails at a bargain. His wife is economical and can afford to spend more than she does. *Don't miss an opportunity to overrule an objection.*"

We rang boldly, as the Manual for Agents advised. P. M. was on the top step all ready to create the *favorable first impression*. Suddenly the door was opened by an emphatically nice-looking young man, and P. M. dropped back dumb to the bottom step. When we had all regarded each other some time in silence, the nice-looking young man politely led us into the sitting-room and left us alone. We gazed around wildly and began to count in hysteric haste: *First—Secure attention; Second—Rouse an interest; Third—Create a desire—*

In came the quaintest little story-book old lady—ringlets, fichu and buckled slippers complete. She took both our hands in hers and welcomed us to town with cordial courtesies. P. M. managed, with marvelous presence of mind, to kick the miserable suitcase of Twentieth Century Cook Books surreptitiously under her armchair—she had insisted upon carrying it because it matched her tan suit—and it lay unnoticed until our hostess, who all the time covered our confusion with easy conversation, had found out, by gentle questioning, our mission, and asked to be allowed to buy a Cook Book immediately.

P. M. looked at me in pathetic, mute appeal. Was this the *Art of Salesmanship*? Were these the objections that were to be overruled by *intelligent enthusiasm* and *quick, convincing argument*? We thanked the little lady warmly for her gracious hospitality, but averred that her wisdom could never need such a book—that we were sure she was already past-mistress of its lessons. We rose to go. The lady laughed gleefully, and summoned Mr. Thomas Smith, who was formally presented to us as “Our young minister, my dears,” and us to him as “two agents who won’t sell me a Cook Book, and I really need one.” Mr. Thomas Smith’s emphatically nice grey eyes were intent upon the tan suitcase, and it was with meekness that he expressed a personal need of a Cook Book. P. M. sat up stiff in her chair. She felt that this was her specialty.

“Mr. Smith, our Manual for Agents expressly forbids our becoming *objects of charity*—allowing anyone to buy a Cook Book to encourage us.”

The nice grey eyes looked hurt.

“As for this kind lady, if she can persuade us that she really needs one, we shall be charmed to accommodate her. Your proposition is ridiculous.”

I did not look at the grey eyes now. In misery of heart, I handed over a Cook Book to the little lady, and we left. The Manual for Agents is emphatic upon the point of leaving a good impression, but I am not now prepared to say just what kind of impression that parting one was.

Outside the immaculate residence, P. M.'s wail was interrupted by an emphatically nice voice:

"Allow me to carry your suitcase to the gate." Ruefully, "I would have made it lighter for you if you had let me."

P. M. turned and hurtled defiance:

"We forgot every single law of the Manual for Agents. We made absolutely no attempt to secure attention, rouse an interest, create a desire, or effect a decision! And the way in which we sold it was nothing short of disreputable. The Manual for Agents has a strong paragraph on that point: *When the supreme moment arrives, let your manner be composed, yet earnest. Bring your will-power and personal magnetism into full play. Do not precipitate matters. Strive to keep the upper hand all the way through.* That is the *Art of Salesmanship*—and we flunked, simply for want of opposition!"

"May you meet hereafter opposition of the stubbornest," said the nice voice cheerfully, and the suitcase changed hands.

"We won't analyze the character of the inmates," said P.M., as we approached a comfortable house, smiling at us out of a pungent apple orchard. "But," stumbling over a pig and a chicken, which ran at us out of the kitchen door, "I think I might almost venture to say that it might be a farmhouse."

I gripped the Manual for Agents in my pocket, and *rang boldly*.

"Madam, we are selling the Twentieth Century Cook Book, the most comprehensive compendium of culinary investigation, an indispensable adjunct of the scientific kitchen."

P. M. had her specialty well in hand, and I could hear the vibration of intelligent enthusiasm in her voice. The lady of the house laughed.

"Why, child," she said indulgently, "I made culinary investigations before you were born."

We brightened visibly. I knew that point.

"Consider, Madam," I said, "the rate of mortality in the period which you mention—Enormous, as compared with that

of the latest census. Scientific methods of cooking have added thirty years to man's life, and have given sixty per cent. of the children of our land a chance to attain to manhood suffrage. That most precious trust, the privilege of ministering to the health, which will foster the moral stamina of our citizens, lies in woman's soft hands. And she will not be untrue to her trust! She has a guide and a friend in the most comprehensive compendium of culinary investigation. You would like me to sell you a Cook Book, *would you not?*"

The Manual for Agents was very strict on this point of a question involving an affirmative answer. So we sold the lady a Cook Book.

Before we reached the end of the orchard an emphatically manly stride had overtaken us.

"Excuse me, but I am much interested in your methods of salesmanship," said Mr. Thomas Smith. "They might prove very useful to me some day."

"I thought you were a minister," said P. M. frigidly.

"I am, but nowadays a minister never really knows what he may run up against. As regards that Cook Book—do you know, I really need one. My landlady keeps studying hers all the time, so that I can never use it. And I have one of those what-do-you-call-'ems—pots that you set on the table and cook in while you wait—"

"If you mean chafing dishes," said P. M., "I assure you that our Cook Book is essentially a domestic Cook Book, and pays very little attention to such bachelor, chafing-dish recipes as you would require. Good morning."

The next doorstep on which P. M. brushed up her Personal Magnetism needed very badly to be swept, and a copy of Æschylus and a corncob pipe needed to be picked up from it.

"I wonder if it could belong to a man?" said P. M.

He was a man, and a bachelor, and a schoolmaster.

"We are selling the Twentieth Century Cook Book, the most complete compendium of culinary investigation," I said. "I need not convince you of the importance of our work. Every thinking man realizes that healthy, happy homes are a nation's most valuable asset. '*Sana mens in corpore sano*,' as Julius Cæsar was wont to say."

He did not interrupt me, so I kept right on talking. The Manual for Agents advised it.

"That rusty stove, with its gaping cracks and precarious pipe."—I felt that this was rather personal, but the Manual for Agents said not to shun personalities—"is pleading with you for a more intelligent interest in this all-important branch of domestic life, which is the keystone of our nation's prosperity! I think it was Sophocles that gave expression to those noble words, 'Let me cook the meals of my country, and I care not who makes her laws.'"

"Humph! I think it was, too," said the schoolmaster. "Well, I'll take a Cook Book."

An emphatically nice smile greeted P. M. five yards from the schoolmaster's door.

"Excuse me, but I am very anxious to know how your methods are working. Did you get as far as creating a desire this time?"

"I think you must be taking quite a bit of time from your sermon, are you not?" asked P. M. politely.

"Not at all. I am writing one on 'The Charm of the Individual,' and I am studying human nature, don't you know. As regards that Cook Book, I am an essentially domestic man, and I have just been thinking that the domestic recipes you mentioned are exactly in my line. You will sell me a Cook Book, won't you?"

"I fear it would interrupt your study of 'The Charm of the Individual,' Mr. Smith. Good morning," said P. M. considerately.

The young woman who opened the next door that admitted P. M.'s favorable first impression startled us by her immediate attraction to the Twentieth Century Cook Book.

"It has a lovely cover," she cried. "It would match my willow-pattern china better than any cook book I possess!"

Was this, too, to be a bloodless and inglorious victory? We cheered up, however, when we detected an objection coming.

"But I really must consult my husband before buying."

"Madam," said P. M. firmly, "not one of your neighbors to whom we have this morning sold Cook Books has consulted her husband. It is not the correct thing to do. You would like a Book *now*, would you not?"

"Yes, please," she said hastily.

She paused before closing the door to make a mental comparison with the emphatically nice-looking figure that was standing beside the hawthorn hedge.

"Ah! I know now how you do it," said Mr. Thomas Smith. "*When the supreme moment arrives, let your manner be composed, yet earnest. Bring your will-power and personal magnetism into full play. Do not precipitate matters. Strive to keep the upper hand all the way through.*"

The emphatically nice voice was composed and very earnest now.

"As regards that Cook Book—really, I see absolutely no reason why you should refuse me what I want. By all the laws of the Manual for Agents, I swear, you have secured my attention, roused an interest"—very, very earnestly—"created a desire—"

"Really, P. M.," I said precipitately, "you must excuse me. I am going home to pack our suitcases."

"Please leave out one Cook Book," called P. M. to me over her shoulder. "I think I am going to —effect a decision!"

REMINISCENCES OF ELGIN HOUSE CONFERENCE, 1911

BY BESSIE McCAMUS, '13

To the score of happy Vic. girls who attended the annual Y.W.C.A. Conference at Elgin House, Muskoka, this summer, June brought some days that were indeed perfect. The pleasure of them has not entirely left us. As the fragrance of rose leaves gathered when the sky was bright can bring to us months afterwards a vision of white clouds sailing high and the sound of the honey-bee, a single recollection of those rare June days revives the memory of all the beauty that surrounded us then. Some trifle, some passing aspect of the sky, perhaps, or vagrant breeze that has loitered among the pines, throws over us again the indefinable charm of Muskoka, and we seem to see grey old rocks, silent among their pines, or birch trees gleaming white

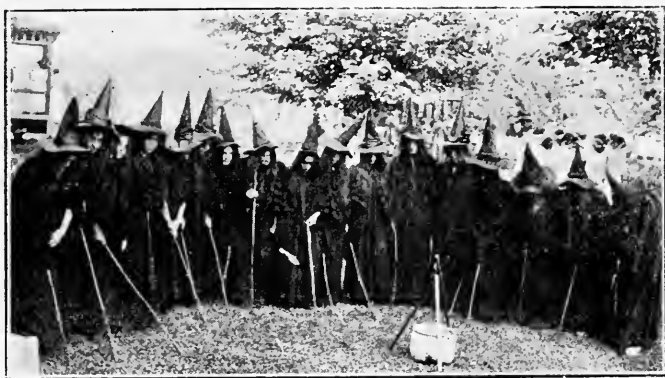
against the dusk of a deep wood, while the dark water sparkles where it breaks under a slight breeze. We can hear again the birds singing, clear and sweet, above the gentle rustle of the leaves and lapping of the waves, and catch a whiff of that air so dry and pure, laden with the perfume of the pines and all the delicate odors of the wood, while gradually there steals over us the sense of a stillness that rests and invigorates.

We all felt the joy of being near to Nature in one of her happiest moods—a joy only second to that of living in close contact with truly great people.

And this rare privilege was also ours. Gathered from all the corners of the earth were missionaries, secretaries, Christian ministers and others, behind whose words lay all the force of lives wholly devoted to giving comfort and light. They spoke to us freely of their own varied experiences, and, by the courage and strength of their whole bearing, as well as by their keen sympathy and evident love of the true, the beautiful and the good, made us realize that, having renounced the ordinary life, they had found one much more to be desired. Being really great, they impressed us without effort, and their gentle, unassuming goodness had the effect of awakening in many of us that "vague desire that spurs an imitative will." So, after only a very brief acquaintance, some of the leaders in that Conference won for themselves a place in our hearts, where they will remain, loved and cherished in grateful memory. "Sacred things are secret," and if we don't talk much about some of our experiences at Elgin House, it may be because they lie too deep for words.

The most frequent theme on the lips of the missionaries who were there was that of the investment of life. Whether we studied, or listened to addresses, or conferred in committees, or quietly chatted, the question before us continually was, "Where and how can we spend our lives best?" The arrangements of the Conference were planned with a view to assisting the girls in meeting candidly and satisfactorily the claim presented to them—that they should give themselves up to the service of God and humanity. The regular programme of the day consisted of Bible study, followed by mission study. Then conferences of city and college associations were held, and this concluded the

work of the morning. The afternoons were devoted to rest and recreation, and the evenings to addresses from distinguished visitors. How often it happens, however, that the most beautiful thing in a day has not been anticipated! We recall with peculiar pleasure two meetings that were in every way extraordinary. One of these was held on a cool evening, when the guests of the Elgin House were gathered around a glowing grate fire, a grate fire with a real back-log and an abundance of little logs that threw out spicy woodland odors. After singing softly that exquisite hymn of Whittier's, "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," we were led in prayer by Miss Melcher, of Boston, and then addressed by Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Japan. He spoke to



THE VICTORIA "STUNT"—A MUSKOKA HIT.

us briefly, in a heartfelt way, on the possibility of each of us having and finding her place in the Divine order of things. He recalled with emotion the words of the late Rev. Robt. Emerson, "I have no regrets. I have had a place in God's plan." In a few minutes the meeting was over; the influence of it, however, is lingering still. And the other special occasion was that of the sunrise meeting, when we gathered on the eastern slope of the chapel, and in the freshness of a radiant morning sang, "Still, Still With Thee, When Purple Morning Breaketh." It was Miss MacDonald, of Tokyo, who spoke to us, and she directed our thought to what she called "A needed carelessness in life." It seemed easy just then to take no thought for the morrow.

And even now, when we are " 'mid the din of towns and cities," we owe to that quiet morning hour "sensations sweet, felt in the blood and felt along the heart, and passing even into our purer minds with tranquil restoration."

Perhaps it is the idea of tranquillity that recalls just here the evening when we took a trip around Lake Joseph with our dear Miss Allan, who has since returned to Japan. We felt as if we might be riding right into the glorious sunset that melted away after a while in soft crimson tints in sky and water, leaving for a few minutes longer a crown of pure gold resting over the treetops of a little island it had passed on its way. Presently the rocks were echoing to many of our college songs, but heard most frequently the new one that boldly asserted that "In Africa the dusky natives sing, 'O, father, send me to Victoria.' " Those inspired lines were composed to be sung on Stunt Day.

Stunt Day! Surely no one could talk of Elgin House Conference in ever so rambling a way and not refer to that great day. Its story dates back to the day before, when the different delegations were scarcely visible, except to the bright-eyed squirrels and lazy-eyed cows, that might have seen them out in the woods, dancing over roots and rocks, filling the air with such hideous sound that literally they were, if not a terror to cats, at least a terror to the sole representative of that family, on whom so much of the success of the next day's performance depended; for, although diligent search was made, that cat was not to be found. It was then, of necessity, that, without the cat, the Vic. girls played on the following day their witch scene, when they boiled in the charmed pot the pennants of the other colleges, stolen at dead of night, in a pelting rain, from their places where they hung in brave array. It was rather comforting to learn afterwards that we did look extremely ugly and very terrifying, for naturally it had been a difficult matter to produce that proper effect. All the other college delegations were prettily gowned, and sang and marched in a very charming way, to the evident delight of the spectators. When the programme was concluded by the Stunt of the Recreation Committee, of which Miss K. E. Callen was the much-to-be-congratulated president, the naughty witches fled precipitately before the light of a dozen cameras to the shelter of the Annex, where they were

followed shortly by their good angel, Miss Allan, who transformed them again into demure "university women" by administering what they took to be ice cream and cake.

A rather unique happening of the week was the celebration of Dominion Day, when, during the serving of the meals, one delegation after another rose and led in the singing of national songs. This was the only expression, however, that we gave to our patriotic feelings, and the day was even quieter than others because of the growing earnestness and seriousness of the spirit of the Conference, mingled with the sense of regret that it must so soon break up. Miss MacDonald received very close attention that evening as she spoke to us on "The Search for Life," and during the services of the following day (Sunday) there was a pervasive influence that produced a consciousness of the reality of things that are invisible and eternal.

The week at Elgin House is now a memory only, and yet such a one as continues to mould conduct and thought. "It is not so much actual achievement," said Canon Cody in one of his eloquent sermons, "as life-direction that counts." With such encouragement as that the delegates have now returned to their work, where they would be glad to be permitted to share with their fellow-students, in some slight degree, at least, the inspiration to nobler living received during their week of retreat in Muskoka.

UNDER CANVAS

BY W. F. HUYCKE

We, a party of that much-censured body, the Canadian Militia, were on the way to put in our annual training at Petewawa Camp, where we arrived safe and sound after a long, but interesting journey, of which some of the most outstanding features were a sleepless night, an early plunge in the St. Lawrence, repeated singing of hackneyed songs, and weary stop-overs, waiting to change cars. Petewawa Camp is situated on the shore of the Ottawa River, a mile or two above the junction of the turbulent Petewawa with the more placid waters of the majestic Ottawa. From the cliff overlooking the river we can see the

stately Laurentian Hills, their slopes clad with evergreens, and the river, arched like a bow, sparkling in between. Nestling on the Quebec side is a fort, a relic of the fur-trading days, but now changed by the caprice of fate into an attempt at a summer resort. For miles around is the bush, with here and there a settler's clearing, but these the Government bought up, thus creating an uninhabited region, used only for trial shooting to increase the efficiency of the Canadian artillery. Here are stationed permanent corps from spring to early fall, and here gather volunteers from points as far east as Prince Edward Island to points as far west as Winnipeg.

We had barely reached our allotted quarters, had something to eat, and were busily engaged upon the preliminary duties of pitching camp, when we encountered what no camper likes to meet before he is prepared—a heavy rain. So the next hour was spent in standing in a circle round the tent-pole, and waiting, like the guests at the close of a Vic. reception, for somebody to start something. But the shower passed away as quickly as it came up, and an hour later no one would have thought it had rained, the water sinking away with astonishing rapidity into the sandy soil.

The next morning work began in earnest, and we made our initial appearance before the guns, the latest weapon the Militia Department has seen fit to adopt—huge, ponderous affairs, capable of discharging projectiles of sixty pounds' weight. Our hours were from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m., of course with periods off for meals. Our work was to qualify for gun-laying, or range-finding, and as to pass this test a total of ninety had to be obtained from one hundred and twenty, considerable accuracy and speed were required from each individual. So there we were, shivering in the early morning, as we tried to get a line on a misty target, or sweltering in the heat of the midsummer sun, as it beat down on the sandy plain, or hastily seeking cover when a sudden shower drifted over from the Laurentians.

All the time, however, was not spent in drill. The Ottawa proved a good place to spend a little of one's spare time, and the fishing, also, was said to be good in the vicinity. Marvelous tales were told of the bass and whitefish that were only waiting to be caught, so several of the disciples of Izaak Walton set out

to try their luck, but the return of these piscatorial artists greatly resembled the number of Liberals elected in the City of Toronto in the recent election. If one found the camp too dull he had only to walk to Petewawa Village, which consisted of two stores, one house and a railway station. There he could imagine himself in the noise and glare of the city, for did not one of the stores have a restaurant, lit by one lamp, and a gramophone which ground out "Silver Bells" with metallic distinctness?

But by far the most interesting and important period came when what we had been doing for the past week was to be tested, and when it was our turn to fire in competition for the Challenge Cup, open to all the heavy batteries of militia in Canada.

One good heave by ten men and six heavy horses, and the gun is in motion, moving off first at a walk, at a gallop over exposed places; down a little hill, with two men jamming on the brakes, and with the muzzle swinging dangerously near their heads as the gun goes over a rut, till, with a final burst of speed, the spot chosen by the battery commander is reached. Signallers take the range as given by the range-finders; the gun is unlimbered; the horses gallop to a spot under cover, and the layer, with all possible speed, puts the gun on the target—an old limber or a few square yards of canvas three or four miles away. The gun is loaded, everyone stands clear, and then the lanyard is pulled. A flash is seen, a deafening explosion is heard, and the gun recoils, tearing up the earth in the rear, while the shell can be heard rushing through the air till it explodes amid a cloud of dust near the target. As repeated rounds are fired the range is corrected, and shells are plumped down within a few yards of the target, the shrapnel flying and tearing everything round. But the order, "Cease firing," is heard; the gun teams gallop back, limber up, and are off, with a grimy, tired, but happy gun crew keeping up as best it can.

That is how the big guns are worked at Petewawa.

Again Will Come the Roses

BY FRANCIS OWEN

There's a murmur soft and low
Among the rustling leaves,
And sad winds sob and blow,
While fading summer grieves.
Yet some of those parting notes,
Ere the blossom droops and closes,
Still thrill with a song of hope;
Again will come the roses.

There are gleams of brighter days
Beyond the vales of gloom,
Tho' wan care's lonely ways
Few cheering rays illumine.
But grief is a passing cloud,
While the bright sun gently dozes,
When sighs like a mist have passed,
Again will come the roses.

College Impressions—First and (mostly) Otherwise

BY B. H. ROBINSON

The writer considers himself reasonably honest when he speaks of the thrill with which he viewed for the first time that inscription of Freedom-giving Truth over the splendid south entrance of the Main Building of our Victoria group. It was a moment which reminded one of some steep ascent up which he had struggled long and toilsomely, and now expected the splendid panorama of valley scenery to burst suddenly upon his view. Those were days when one looked sanguinely forward to the time when all the vexed problems of life should be solved, and he would have learned—well, if not exactly, then nearly—all that was worth the knowing. These college years have passed, and, strangely enough, all our problems have not been solved, but a few real problems have been presented to us. We have not learned all there is to know, but our youthful pride has been humbled somewhat by discovering, with Socrates, that the truest wisdom consists in finding out that we know very little indeed.

Then, wherein lies the value of a college training? This, we see now, consists not in furnishing us with ready-made solutions to our problems, but rather in inspiring us with a spirit of independent investigation, and indicating, as far as possible, the methods by which such investigation may legitimately proceed. This one feels to be the greatest debt he owes to his Alma Mater. Here we have come in contact with those whom we may fittingly reckon among the master hearts and minds of the universe—princes among men—whose sympathies and helpful suggestions have always been freely extended. And not only from those who have immediately guided our studies have we freely received, but also from those who, as students before us, had much to do with laying the foundations of our present college life. Upon coming into these halls we at once entered upon a splendid inheritance of athletic, literary and religious life, rich still with the memories of those whose pioneer efforts shall not soon be forgotten. Everywhere one feels himself a debtor to a past which, if not hoary with age, is at least rich in experience. The

question that makes a man humble is how he may be worthy of it all.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

There is vaguely supposed to be a mysterious substance floating about college halls, bearing the above name. Many appear to think it very elusive. Probably the truth about the matter is that the man who has it doesn't know it by that name; and the man who hasn't got it, but talks a great deal about it, is grasping vainly after a phantom indeed. But college spirit, like all other spirits, must come out of thin air and take on flesh and blood before it means very much. There is, I suppose one must mournfully admit, a so-called college spirit—which expresses in the cartoonist's typical college man, with pipes, posters and yells. But this college spirit which is alone worth talking about does not express itself in producing types, no matter how grotesquely attractive, but in the development of individuals. It will bind all college men together by a common love for their Alma Mater, but it must leave ample room for the growth of individuality. This spirit is surely one of the most desirable possessions of any college man. True, such a spirit may have its birth on the athletic field or in the debating forum, where a man cheers his fellows on to victory, but it will need some deeper soil than this, if it is to survive college days and college triumph. And surely the college spirit which is needed is one which will outlive a man's undergraduate days, and keep the love of his Alma Mater burning steadily long after he has left these halls. When a man has finished here he will go out into a new atmosphere, where a new or rather an old spirit prevails, the spirit of a so-called practical world, which has too often its standard in money and not character values. What spirit shall a man carry away from his college to meet that other spirit, to subdue it, if wholly bad, or to correct where such correction is needed? Shall our college spirit survive the shock of meeting. This is the test.

One is reminded at this point of the charge so often laid against us, that our college life is a world by itself, unlike and having little to do with the great industrial world outside. How far is such a charge justifiable? It is not true in the sense that we, being isolated from the business or social world, do not understand or sympathize with it. The university is no longer monas-

tery. Each succeeding year sees an increasing number of students making themselves acquainted in some practical way with the methods, and with what they have come to consider the needs of that world. It is true that our university is different in the sense that it offers greater opportunities for becoming reflective and critical, not in the popular sense, but in the sense that we consider more carefully the ends of life, and are inspired to shape our own on the lives of others in accordance with those ends. It is not too much, surely, to say that a study of the richness of the past, its relation to the present and its prophecy of the future should give a broader outlook and a larger meaning to life. Emphatically, it is not the business of the student to create any such artificial barriers, but to relate his life to that great outside world with all its varied activities.

This he will best do by realizing as early as possible in his college career, that his work here is intended to fit him to play his part in those great world activities. The sooner also he selects what part he desires to play and bends his energies and thought in that direction, undoubtedly the better. There is probably no sadder spectacle of human failure, and none that puts his university in worse repute, than that of a man who goes through an Arts' course without having made some definite choice of his life work, and having lost apparently all power of making such selection. I do not mean that an Arts course should give a man the technical training for his particular work, but I do believe that it will help any man to his work better as he sees that work in relation to a world which such course will help him to better comprehend. His work, and the work of all others in that industrial world, will take on a new meaning as he sees them as lesser movements in that one great onward movement of greater world.

It is only in this way, I imagine, that a man can place his university in the proper light before that world. One thing that world will always demand, and that is leadership. Those leaders must be developed, and as yet that business world is not particular where such development takes places. It does not demand as yet that they be good, as much as it does that they be capable. If it can be proven that goodness can be developed along with efficiency, then I have no doubt there will come a day when, in the mind of that world, goodness will be one of

the tests of efficiency. There is one place that can effect this change, and that is the university. Once make the world see that the university exists as a practical necessity, not as object of charity, and you have established in newer sense her place in the world. You would have at once deepened and widened the constituency from which she will, in the future, draw her materials and support, and opened up possibilities hitherto undreamed of. To the college man who believes that his work here is practical in the deepest and truest sense, surely there is here opened a world of opportunity. For him there is no more effective way of serving his university than by becoming the faithful interpreter of that life to all the world. Surely such task calls for the best in every college man or woman. The spirit that will do is undoubtedly the real college spirit, and its possessors will always be, both in undergraduate days and after, college men and women indeed.

AMENDMENTS

Even an M. A. hasn't very much on a freshman this year in the matter of locating the professors *et al.* And as for sophomore activities! Alas for the days of flue-climbing, or red-pepper smoke, of deep, mysterious expeditions into the far reaches of the furnace-room! All this is gone, with the furnaces, to the junk heap of the past. The heating is *supposed* to be done by opening a valve away over behind the University Library, and the man who ventures his person into a pipe knows not but that he will land against this distant valve, or be blown through the roof. The gas-pipes "gas" no more (cf. '14 reception). The sober-tinted floors, which have borne so much so patiently, have a somewhat bleached appearance where some pieces have been slipped in—like a freshman at a senior class-meeting.

The novelties in the College are welcome—the striking change in the tower; the electric light, which gives no warning, and which may cause embarrassment, and the heating system. Of course the pipes burst on the first trial, but the radiators do look "lovely." We hope they will not only be things of beauty, but hot forever. But why prolong the list? Look and see for yourselves, and give the l—e to Solomon when he says, "There is nothing new."

Coronationitis

BY A VICTIM

Before the advent of the medical specialist, the hygienic fad and the vivisectionist controversies, before antiseptics, electrotherapeutics, hypnotism and osteopathy, before vaccination and before the days of the seaside sanatoriums, when humanity was not yet versed in the ways of "professional civilization"—in these the dark ages, whole continents were repeatedly wrapped in the sweep of some universal malady.

But now that we are sterilized and freshly aired at every turn they occur more rarely. The past summer, however, has seen, in England, the spread of a great national sickness, Coronationitis. And who, I should like to know, has escaped? As a visitor to London, the scene of the outbreak, I was a witness of the disease during its most distressing period, and although it was abating somewhat before I left, there was still cause for alarm.

It was early in April, I think, that the first symptoms appeared to a casual observer. The journalists—those delicately constituted organisms of humanity—were the first to show signs of disturbance. With something of the blithesomeness of a carnival, they began gradually to launch upon an innocent and unsuspecting public their inoculating articles. Most of them began broadly, bursting with dignified grandiloquence, but before many Sunday editions were past, editorials were bursting, society notes overflowing and the women's section completely inundated with coronation news. And their brethren, the cartoonists, were only less culpable. Such subjects as "Mrs. Martin's" attempt to accommodate a mob of country relatives over coronation week, they found particularly hilarious. Thus with these as spreaders of contagion, everybody—"the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker"—soon followed. And it took "Mary Jane" and "Eliza" one whole morning to clean the silverware, all because of a discussion as to whether Queen Mary's train was seven or only five yards long. Positively there'd been nothing like it since Ping-Pong!

But it was during the last week that things grew actually alarming. One would scarcely have recognized London. Even in the suburbs all the shopkeepers (hopeless victims) seemed bent on expending three months' income in flags and bunting, and up-town there was no end of arches, venetian masts, festoons and streamers. Parliament Square was completely smothered with wooden stands, from beneath which the statues of many a past statesman mutely gesticulated for the return of fresh air and the inevitable sparrow.

It was near one of these that my companion and I took up our stand several hours before the passing of the procession. In fact it had seemed very near midnight when he had wakened me in our Bloomsbury rooms with "Coronation Day, my dear fellow." My reply was very uncomplimentary I fear, for he at once ran into a long peroration about "Loyalty," etc., most of which I've no doubt he had culled from the evening paper. But by the time we had reached the scene of the procession I felt somewhat more good humored if no more loyal. No cynic could have withstood the wit of a tall Yankee—evidently not a plague sufferer. He concluded, he said, that the only person who could see the "show" in a crowd without being squeezed was a chimney-sweep in working clothes. And his remarks about the just-out-of-bed expressions of the near-by seat holders were stamped with the characteristically obvious and exaggerated vein of American humor.

Finally it came—the procession. I really cannot tell what it began with or how it ended. But all through it was very wonderful. At first I could look for nothing but gorgeous lackeys, glistening horses and flashing carriages. Later, when my brain had cleared somewhat, I began to get glimpses of the aristocratic occupants. There were bejewelled women, handsomely uniformed men and now and then a charming child. Even these were outshone whenever a carriage would appear laden with Indian potentates in all the barbaric splendor of their Eastern dress. As if this were not enough, there were the nation's military leaders from land and sea, and legions of beautifully caprisoned troops. Suddenly I felt my patriotic companion clutching my arm. "They're coming." In my excitement I had completely forgotten the King and Queen. Very slowly they

came, the wonderful cream-colored horses in harnesses of red morocco and gold, drawing behind them that monster of carriages—the King's Coach. I had just time to grasp its general outline, from the great gilt wheels up the hand-painted sides to the cherubs at the top bearing aloft the imperial crown. Following, a sort of preliminary hush had come the most vociferous outburst of cheering I had ever heard. Jubilant, gesticulating people on every side and in their midst in the centre of this chariot of gilt and glass—their majesties.

That evening, after we had elbowed our way to the hotel and were setting off again to see midnight London *en fête*, I said to my companion, "I've such an unusual elated sort of feeling that—"

"That's it, my dear fellow," he broke in. "I knew it was coming. At last you've got it, got it—etc., Coronationitis."

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

The Dining Hall is nearing completion, and the Residence is quite advanced (like R——e's theological views). Those of us who came down addressing our trunks straight to "Victoria Men's Residence," may now obtain them from the contractor and convey them by night, and by wheelbarrow, to our respective attics. (By the way, did you hear whether our D.E.D. got his back—no, not the attic.) Nevertheless, if we cannot house ourselves in the big white stone building, we can at least boast ourselves of what joys and comforts will be ours when at last our towels do hang from the windows, and the fragrance of Hamburg steak *à la fricassee*, fills the quad. We are much pleased with the aspect of the Dining Hall. The lofty roof affords great room for expansion, and the many windows should enable us to detect any attempt at adulteration of the edibles. May the builders help every one his neighbor, and may we every one say to our brother prospective tenant: "Be of good courage. Things will be ready by (some) Christmas yet."

THE COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following articles have been contributed by the elected representatives of the various college societies, setting forth in comprehensive and yet concise form the positions and aims of the several student institutions. Further remarks are here unnecessary as the articles fully explain themselves:

THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY

To every college freshman comes the hour of decision. To the freshman of '15 it has at last come. It is the choice of "now" that practically moulds the whole course of his college career. The future vocation is to him very largely his guiding star for the immediate four years, and the degree of success that is to be his will be measured by the methods which he pursues and the energy spent. In view of this, and moved by altruistic motives, "the men of the first year" are approached by the different societies of the college, whose lines of action may differ, yet whose object is one—the advancement of the students' welfare.

How am I to obtain the best all-round development from my college course? That is the question which each one should ask himself before formulating his plans for the years that are to come. You, Mr. Freshman, may exclude from your life all else but books, and with toil as ceaseless as the light from the midnight lamp achieve intellectual greatness. You may become a physical giant—the hero of the athletic field. You may select some other sphere and obtain fame. You may do all these, but without a development of your latent powers and a knowledge of the essentials of every day life—not to be obtained from books

or play alone, you can conclude that you have failed in attaining the ideal—an all-round development. This thought has been expressed by A. M. Mowat when referring to the true value of Toronto University to Canada and its individual graduates in the following appropriate words: "If the University of Toronto can develop good citizens who can and do use their common sense for the public benefit, it will do greater service for Canada, than if it produces a race of intellectual giants of the German school." That's the point and that is the very object of "The Union Literary Society of Victoria College." It helps in the attainment of true citizenship.

Through its work you are thrown in touch with your fellow students, and there is unconsciously promoted by it a comradeship which is as lasting as life itself. You at once become a student of human nature and actions become the resultant of those studies. In other words, personality is developed; diplomacy is acquired, and these, it is recognized, are as important today in the commercial world as in the professional or political life.

But that is not all—the "Lit" is the representative society of Victoria College, for it deliberates upon all questions of general interest to the student body and helps to control the small yet important details of student life. In it are to be found at last, intelligent and representative democracy, for through it each student gives expression to his wishes. To be true to his obligation as a college undergraduate each man should be a member of the society.

Nor is the individual person without his benefits. Besides the development of the art of public speaking by a participation in "Lit" debates, you also acquire a knowledge of the orderly conduct of public business. The value of the acquisition of these is so evident that further elaboration is rendered unnecessary. In addition, the executive endeavors to bring to its members a personal knowledge of the great issues which are constantly before the public by the introduction of prominent speakers. If for no other reason, you owe to yourself a membership in the Union Literary Society.

THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY

College does not stand for a course of lectures only. We speak of a college course when what we really mean is a college life. There are more essentials at college beside lectures. And one of these essentials is the Woman's Literary Society. Too often, I think, we do not appreciate the value of the training we might have received in its meetings until several years after its opportunities are out of our reach.

This society is our representative college society, and as such each girl ought to interest herself in it. The university provides no more potent factor in self-improvement than the Woman's Literary Society. In the discussion of business she learns the best and most intelligible way of transmitting her knowledge to others, and that simple business procedure which is essential to the well-poised, well-educated woman. In the literary and musical programme each girl is given an opportunity of displaying her individual talents.

The Society should also promote a freer intercourse among the students. There we do not belong to the Freshman or Sophomore years, but to the Literary Society. Thus, the new student meets and knows the older girls much sooner than otherwise she would have done.

Attendance at the Literary Society does not mean fulfilment of a duty to the Society, but fulfilment of a duty as well as a pleasure to ourselves. We cannot afford to miss its advantages. This representative Society ought to be enthusiastically supported by every student, old and new.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Y. M. C. A. has no apology to make for the avowedly religious character of its work in this college. It aims to make religion a vital factor in the life of every student, and it also affords an opportunity, in its outside religious and social work, of giving practical expression to the spiritual life it fosters. The student is urged to join, not only because of what he may get, but also what he, through the Association, may be able to

give. Every man in the college will be given a chance to enroll in a Mission and a Bible Study group. The basis of all enthusiasm must be founded on knowledge, and the one department aims at giving an intelligent appreciation of mission problems, and the other a better knowledge of that fundamental for all lines of Christian activity, the Bible. It is to be hoped that most of the students will enroll. If you imagine you are "too busy," just think it over again and see whether this is not just as important as some other ways you have of spending your time.

The Social Union is another department of the Y. M. C. A. Part of its work is to educate college men on social questions. The other and more important part is to get students to do volunteer work at the various social settlements and down town churches. Men are needed to take charge of boy's clubs, teach manual training classes, as leaders for gymnasium work, to take educational classes for foreigners, teach in Sunday Schools and in many other branches of work impossible here to enumerate.

The weekly meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock. First year men are especially invited to these meetings. They are being carefully planned for, and the President with his strong executive looks forward to a year of decided success.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Upon entering college, the new student immediately finds that the interests and activities of college life are many and varied. As neither time nor strength will permit her to devote herself to them all, a choice is made necessary, a very important choice, for upon it will depend very largely the meaning of college life to her.

From that choice, the Y. W. C. A. should not be omitted, for no college woman can afford to miss the help and opportunity which an active interest in Y. W. C. A. work will bring to her. The development of Christian character is surely the object of every true woman, and in this the fellowship and friendly association which the Y. W. C. A. offers is a great aid. For there each week we may withdraw from the strain and stress of college

life, and for a short time concentrate our attention on matters of vital and eternal import.

The Bible and Mission Study Classes are most interesting and profitable departments of our association work. Earnest and systematic study of the Bible leads to a fuller knowledge of its message to us, and an intelligent study of missions cannot help but give a fresh and a broader vision of life.

The association welcomes the new class of 1915 and hopes that from the beginning of their life at Victoria they may share the pleasures and opportunities of Y. W. C. A. work.

THE ATHLETIC UNION

To keep every Victoria man fit is the primary aim of the Union. But college pride requires that Victoria enter well-trained teams in all the inter-faculty competitions. So the Union provides equipment for exercise, supervises the teams, and urges each student, new and old, to share the fun and responsibilities.

Our facilities for athletics are superior to those of any other college in this university. A campus with tennis and handball courts, a gymnasium with showers and lockers are for Victoria exclusively and at small expense. The rink has accommodation for the whole college, and, under the Union's management, is very profitable.

Many championships have fallen to Victoria recently, while an alert and appreciative executive now honors regular senior players with the Victoria "V." Our emblem proudly worn by sportsmanlike graduates and newspaper stories of Victoria teams that are victorious will prove desirable advertising for the college.

Aggressiveness, good business methods and practical interest in every man characterize the Union. It is the student body organized for activities whose importance need not be argued. This is a "live" society, efficient, meeting its problems with despatch and success. The Union well deserves your consistent support.

VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB

The Ladies' Athletic Association (V. C. A. C.) is one of the most prosperous organizations of the college. By paying the small fee of fifty cents one becomes a member of this association, and is entitled to enter all athletics which the college affords.

In the spring and fall, members have free access to the tennis courts, and may play field hockey on the campus. If a girl is a member of the V. C. A. C. the fifty cents which is paid for membership is deducted from the regular price of her season ticket for the rink, so if she intends purchasing a season ticket she may become a member of the V. C. A. C. without any additional expense.

Basketball enthusiasts have a splendid opportunity to make themselves proficient in this game by attending the regular practices held in the gymnasium at Annesley Hall.

Be sports, and go in for athletics! If you have not time to go in for all the games, specialize on one and do credit to yourself, your year and your college.

THE VICTORIA COLLEGE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB

The Modern Language Club gladly takes this opportunity of making its maiden bow before the undergraduates of Victoria.

What is this organization? We are to be a club without year or class distinctions, a club for the whole college. Our purpose is to help each other to speak French and German. The keynote of all our endeavor is "practical usefulness."

How are we going to attain our object? In two ways. First, there will be organized weekly social conversation circles. Interesting, helpful and varied programmes dealing with the home life and customs in France and Germany, the common experiences of travellers, the learning and singing of French and German songs, conversation on contemporary events, short plays, games, dialogues, charades, short lantern lectures, etc., etc., all in French and German, and all forming a basis of practical conversation, will be taken up at these conversation circles. Our

motto in this work is "To every member an equal opportunity and responsibility of taking part in the conversation."

We are also a dramatic club, for our second method will be the preparation and presentation before the whole college of a number of French and German plays.

During the Easter term, 1911, the Embryo Club, then composed of first and second year students, presented two French comedies. We hope that our modesty is becoming when we merely say that they were eminently successful. They were the first dramatic performances of their kind ever presented within the precincts of Victoria College, and we feel confident that they are prophetic of the glorious future that lies before this department of the club.

This, briefly, is what we are and what we are going to do.

We commend the club to your careful consideration, and warn you that you will hear from us again shortly.

VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

The mere mention of the Glee Club revives in many old Vic. men a host of happy memories. For years it has been the source of a great deal of pleasure and profit to those engaged in its work.

The season of 1910-11 was probably the most successful in the club's history, not only in matter of engagements filled, but also in point of membership and finances. For this the credit must be given largely to an untiring executive, and to the conductor, Mr. J. M. Sherlock.

In its work the Glee Club aims not only at the development of the voice, and the producing of good choruses. True, this is its special object, but more, it affords an absolutely unique opportunity of cultivating a hearty good fellowship. In the autumn and winter practices and tour work become, in a very real sense, a distinct pleasure.

To all the men of the college who sing, and especially to those who have never belonged to the club, the new executive extends a hearty invitation to attend the opening practice for 1911-12. Further announcement will be made on the bulletin boards.

THE RAINBOW

BY W. B. WIEGAND

From the time when Noah and his companions first gazed upon it in reverent awe and gratitude, the rainbow has continued to adorn the heavens with its gorgeous band of colors; the most harmless, as well as one of the most beautiful, of the grand phenomena of nature.

The observational characteristics of the rainbow are readily enough described. Briefly, it consists of one or more arcs of circles usually vividly colored with the hues of the solar spectrum. By far the most conspicuous bow is called the primary bow, and is the one always meant when the "rainbow" is popularly referred to. Its radius subtends an angle of about 41° at the observer's eye, and the colors are always disposed so that it is blue on its inner, while red on its outer edge.

Another bow, called the secondary bow, is not nearly so bright as the primary, and is considerably larger, its radius subtending an angle of 52° at the observer's eye. This bow shows the spectral colors in the reverse order, being red on the inside, and violet on the outside edge.

The circumstances attending the formation of the rainbow are well known. The sunlight falls on raindrops or on the spray from a waterfall or wave; and in all cases it is necessary that the observer be situated between the sun and the waterdrops.

These fundamental facts led very early to the explanation of the rainbow as being due to the refraction and reflection of sunlight in the spherical drops. A simple laboratory experiment serves clearly to illustrate the fundamental principle. If, namely, a narrow, parallel beam of light either from the sun or from a projection lantern, be passed into a glass bulb filled with water and of diameter about equal to that of the beam, the light will be reflected in such a way that a screen, placed on the same side of the bulb as the lantern, will have thrown upon it a circular band of light showing the colors of the rainbow.

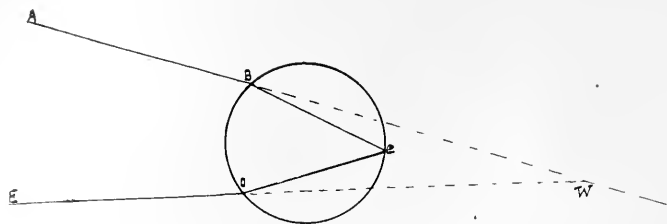


Fig. I.

To obtain a clearer notion of what takes place it will be well to consider the path of a single ray of light incident on a drop of water (Fig. I.).

Let AB be the incident ray, entering the drop at B. Through refraction the direction of the ray is changed and it follows the path BC—falling upon the back surface of the drop at C. Here a considerable portion of it is reflected to D and thence, suffering another refraction, it emerges in the direction DE.

If now ED be produced to meet AB produced in W, then the angle W represents the angle through which the incident ray must be rotated to coincide with the emerging ray DE. This angle is very important to our discussion and is called the deviation of the ray.

Now this deviation is found to be dependent (among other things) on the angle which AB makes with the surface of the drop; for each such angle there corresponds a definite deviation. The important fact is however this, that this deviation has a *least* or *minimum* value for a certain angle of incidence, namely, about 61° for water. That is, no matter whether the incident ray makes angles with the radius of the drop greater or less than 61° , the resulting deviation or change of direction will always be *greater* than its value at 61° .

It is clear from this that all the light emerging from the drop after one internal reflection will be contained within a cone one-half the vertical angle of which is equal to $180^\circ W$ (in Fig. I.).

Fig. II shows the cone in cross-section.

Now while all other angles of incidence will result in increased deviations it is of fundamental importance to note that

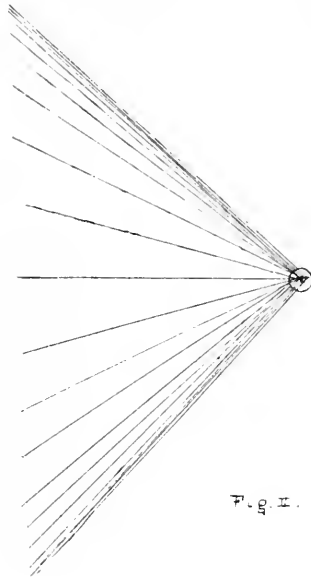


Fig. II.

for angles near the critical one of 61° , the deviation changes only *very slowly*; and that, in consequence, the emerging rays of light arising from the incidence of a *beam of parallel light*, will not be uniformly distributed, but will be bunched more thickly in the direction corresponding to the angle of minimum deviation; that is the periphery of the cone of light issuing from a drop will be much more intense than the interior parts.

This is precisely what happens when sunlight falls on rain-drops. Each drop sends back a cone of light similar to that shown in Fig. II; and if an observer is in the periphery of the cone, where the light is most intense, the drop will appear to him bright.

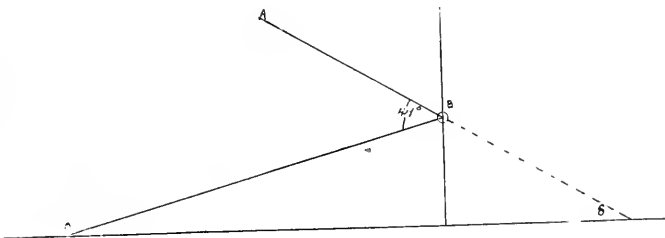


Fig. III.

In Fig. III A B represents a sunbeam impinging on a drop, B, and Bo the lower arm of Fig. II, i.e., one of the reflected rays. It is clear that in order to appear bright to an observer at "O," the drops must be situated *on a circle*, the radius of which subtends an angle of 41° at the eye. This circle constitutes the primary bow.

Drops within the circle will send some light to the observer, whereas drops outside of it will send none. This accounts for the greater brightness within the rainbow.

We have assumed up to this point that the light was homogeneous or all of one kind. This, of course, is not true of sunlight, which is made up of a multitude of different colors. Now the angle of minimum deviation (or the angle A B O in Fig. III) is different *for each color*, and in consequence the observer will see, not a single circle of light, but a multitude of concentric circles each of distinctive color. The resultant effect, when allowance is made for the overlapping due to the finite size of the sun's disk, is the succession of colors from red to violet, with which we are so familiar. The fact that the inside edge is blue follows from the greater refrangibility of blue light; its consequent greater deviation and hence the smaller diameter of the circle of drops which send blue light to the observer.

The sun must be less than 41° above the horizon in order to show the primary bow. This follows readily from Fig. III where if S (the sun's elevation) = LABO, then BO is parallel to the earth's surface, and the highest part of the primary bow will be on the horizon. It follows also that the lower the sun is, the more nearly a complete circle will be the rainbow. Observers on mountain tops or on the masts of vessels can generally observe the rainbow as a complete circle.

The secondary bow, mentioned above, is due to the same causes that bring about the primary bow—the light suffering two internal reflections instead of only one, and, in consequence, the order of the colors being reversed.

Lack of space prevents a more detailed discussion of the phenomena of rainbows, but perhaps enough has been said to illustrate the application of scientific theory to the facts of experience, and, it may be, to suggest the augmented interest and delight which the comprehension of a phenomenon adds to that resulting merely from its apprehension.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

Proem

Buried as it is in the centre of the volume, the above title naturally suggests a work of supererogation. You have already fingered the preceding pages, or more probably perchance, obeying a generic impulse, have conned the Locals. It is therefore our intention merely to punctuate the contents at this point, if for no other purpose than to introduce the editorial *we*. This pronoun is traditionally ubiquitous. The editor must play the role of both annalist and prophet. No matter what departments of the college share one's particular devotion, the reader expects upon opening a college magazine to find reflected there, in faithful detail, the variety in unity that goes to make up college life. And it is this very breadth of vision that demands foresight and the spirit of prophecy in proportion. ACTA VICTORIANA is celebrating its thirty-fifth birthday. It has long forgotten its swaddling-bands and its adolescence, and is now established in its prime. It is more than a magazine; it is an integral institution of the college.

C. C. James, C.M.G.

Among the men on whom coronation honors were bestowed, we were proud to find one of the members of ACTA Board, in the person of Mr. C. C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, who, together with the honored head of our university, President Falconer, received his C.M.G. this summer.

Mr. James, who graduated from Victoria in 1883, with the gold medal in Natural Sciences, has been a member of the Advisory Board of ACTA for a number of years, and takes a very kindly interest in the college magazine.

Of his public career and the abilities he has shown, it is superfluous for us to speak. To quote the words of a contemporary, this was one of the occasions when the order rather than the man was honored.



College Politics

An almost unanimous acceptance of the proposal for introducing the party system into student government was one of the closing features of the work of the Union Literary Society during the last term. The success with which this project will meet must depend not only upon the circumstances which have suggested it, and the conditions under which it is launched, but also upon the interpretations given of success and upon the expectations of what it will accomplish. So far as preliminaries and preparations are concerned the movement can in no way be called premature upon the grounds of want of familiarity. As for theory we already have our Government and Opposition. As for practice we have the experience of general elections, of the cabinet system and of parliamentary procedure. With regard to favorable conditions we have the resolution to improve upon the past system registered spontaneously, though quietly, by the student body and now pervaded with the atmosphere of recent electioneering, and as for the future there is no adequate reason why a party system cannot at the least be expected to establish a healthy fraternal co-operation that will be the means of eliminating petty personalities and become the instrument for concentrating on any issue an intelligent and comprehensive discussion; and this without becoming a fetish.

To the Freshman

Disclaiming any intention of encroaching on the time-honored prerogatives of the sophomore, we take this opportunity of stating a few simple facts. Firstly, with regard to Green. It is the freshman's color. It is also the signal to "Go slow." The best the college has to offer is not offered first, and it is a far cry from premature popularity to permanent efficiency. Then, too, college life is a world by itself and a world in which a fine distinction is drawn between backbone and brass. With regard to study, the curriculum furnishes optional courses. We have no social or athletic curriculum, but the principle of electives applies equally in these phases of undergraduate activity. Identification with some outstanding institution in the college, not only serves as an introduction in the opening months, but affords abundant opportunities for usefulness. "Freshness"—and here we bow to the sophomore—is not chronic and can therefore be endured. The newcomer, however, who is at once a freshman and a snob is intolerable. But to that host, the members of which—conventionalities over—invariably prove themselves true to their opportunities and obligations, the college gives a sincere and hearty welcome.



The Bob

Phoenix-like the "Bob" has been consumed upon the altar of Heliopolis and has risen immortal. For decades it was perennially embellished by succeeding generations of students with that fresh, keen wit and inventive genius peculiar to college men, and when at last it grew old it did so gracefully, maintaining its individuality through perpetual transition and accumulating the respect due the venerable. But in this last transition death has enshrined the "Bob" as an historic relic, and we can no longer regard it merely as an old and efficient form of initiation. It has become a tradition about which gathers the glamor of recollection, the pride of fidelity to an established institution and the pleasant sentiment of responsibility in handing down after the simple oral custom the gentle practices of a peaceful initiation.

And holding this position in relation to the college the "Bob" will cease to be condemned for its past weaknesses and continue to be recommended for its strength. That the "Bob" has been reorganized is good. That it is still the "Bob" is very good.



Methodism's Fourth Ecumenical

The Fourth Ecumenical Conference of Methodism holds its sessions in Toronto from Oct. 4 to 17. The first was held in London in 1881; the second in Washington, D.C., 1891; and the third in London, 1901. The conference represents 18,000,000 members with adherents several times greater. The membership of the conference consists of five hundred ministerial delegates and hundreds of laymen and women. Of the latter prominently standing in the forefront are the names of Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, M.D., of Detroit, and Mrs. W. F. McDowell. During the decade the estimate is one million increase in membership.

The delegates include men of world-wide reputation. Among these are the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, member of the British Cabinet, who will speak on the subject of "International Responsibilities;" Sir Robert W. Perks, Bart.; Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, ex-Vice-President of the U. S.; Arthur Henderson, M.P., a British labor leader.

The programme is ecumenical, as a glance at the topics indicates. These include: "The Foreign Missionary Enterprise," "Methodist Theology," "The Church and Modern Thought," "The Church and Modern Life," "The Church and the Nation" "Social Service," "Education," "Woman's Claims and Responsibilities."

We have fallen upon ecumenical times. Christianity in contrast to all other interpretations of man and his environment is universal, ecumenic.



Personals

If you are now in possession of any information of the whereabouts and doings of Victoria's graduates, or should come into possession of any, you will confer a real favor upon the readers of ACTA in general, and a very personal one upon the Personals and Exchange Editor in particular, by kindly sending it in for publication. The attention of Permanent Secretaries of graduate classes is especially called to this request, and their co-operation is earnestly desired in making this department of real use. Whoever you may be, yours is the item we need.

Rev. Matthew E. Conron, B.A., B.D., is stationed in Hamilton. He is connected with Kensington Ave. Methodist Church.

C. Y. Connor ('11) is back this year, attending Faculty of Education.

Rev. J. Bruce Hunter, B.A. ('11), the capable President of Victoria Y. M. C. A. for last year, has gone to the Central Methodist Church in Calgary, Alta.

George B. King, M.A., B.D., has also followed the call of the west. He occupies a position on the staff of Alberta College, Edmonton, as Lecturer in Hebrew.

Miss M. J. Hockey ('10) expects to be in Toronto soon to take up a course in Deaconess work.

H. J. Sheridan, B.A., is preaching at present at Escott, Ont.

Roy Ecclestone is back in Toronto again, we hope with the intention of resuming his academic work.

Walter Moorehouse ('11), the genial and vigorous Business Manager of ACTA last year, is now General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Welland, Ont. We predict considerable activity along Y. M. C. A. lines in Welland.

C. C. Washington ('10) is at his home in Bowmanville, but expects to be back soon in Victoria, where he is to teach Greek.

Miss Muriel Dawson ('11) is at her home in Maple Creek, Sask.

Among the future aspirants to the ermine who are entering Osgoode this year are the following members of the class of ('11): G. G. Beckett, J. F. P. Birnie, D. E. Dean, H. C. DeBeck, F. E. Hetherington, R. P. Locke, L. Macauley, J. R. Rumball and W. E. MacNiven.

Miss E. M. Tait ('11) is teaching this year in Whitby.

A. N. C. Pound ('11) is preaching in British Columbia.

Miss R. C. Hewitt ('11) has a school in Wetaskiwin, Sask.

This year's list of Meds. includes D. B. Leitch, F. J. Livingstone, A. E. McCulloch, L. M. Rice, H. B. Van Wyck and A. E. Best, all of '11 Victoria.

Ross and Graham Larmour are farming in Ovenstown, Sask. They report three hundred and thirty acres of wheat.

Kenneth Beaton is at Clifton Springs, N.Y., where he is taking a sorely-needed rest.

"Reg." Gundy is in a law office in Winnipeg.

S. R. Laycock ('11) is now teaching in Alberta College, Edmonton. S. R. is in the Ancient History and Classics departments.

M. P. Smith is in Minnesota. Malcolm is seeking to regain his health in the bracing air of the American North-West. He was seriously ill during the summer.

The Misses I. K. Cowan ('11), M. R. Crawford ('11), H. I. Rafoe ('11), E. G. Gibson ('11) and Mr. R. H. Newton ('11), are taking up M.A. work in the Faculty of Education.

E. J. Pratt ('11) is back in the university as Class Assistant in Psychology.

F. C. Asbury ('11) has been appointed a Lecture Assistant in Physics in the University.

R. B. Liddy ('11) has secured a Fellowship in Psychology.

C. W. Stanley ('11) is taking post-graduate work in Oxford. ACTA offers heartiest congratulations on C. W.'s splendid achievement of last year.



Marriages

KING—CHADWICK.—On Thursday, August 10th, 1911, Miss Ethel Gertrude Chadwick, M.A., was married to George Brockwell King, M.A., at the home of the bride's parents, 67 Beatty Ave., Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Prof. McLaughlin, assisted by Rev. W. B. Caswell.

SCRAGG—LANE.—At the home of Mrs. Jas. Lane, mother of the bride, on Wednesday, June 14th, Miss Mildred Lane was married to the Rev. E. T. Scragg, Rev. Dr. Hincks performing the ceremony.

AVISON—KIRKLAND.—On Wednesday, June 21st, 1911, at "Hillcrest," Galt, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Mabel Clara Kirkland, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Kirkland, to Harold Wilson Avison, M.A., B.D., the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. J. Liddy, M.A., of Wesley Methodist Church, Brantford. Mr. Roy Liddy, B.A., acted as best man, and Miss E. Kirkland, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Among the Victoria guests present were noticed Miss Edge ('14), F. G. McAllister ('12), and S. Cassmore ('11).

HEMINGWAY—WHITLAM.—A very pretty wedding took place on June 26th, 1911, at Moosomin, Sask., when Mr. Harold Edgar Hemingway ('09) was married to Miss Isabel Agnes Whitlam ('09). Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway are residing in Weyburn, Sask., in which place "Si" has already become a figure of some distinction.

The heartiest congratulations and best wishes of ACTA are extended to each of the happy couples.



Exchanges

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *The Oxford Magazine*, *The St. Andrew's College Review*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Student*, *Lux Columbia*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *The O. A. C. Review*, *Vox Collegii*, *The Review*, *The Acadia Athlæceum*, *Allisonia*, *The University Monthly*, *Our Dumb Animals*.

We regret very much that, owing to the early date of the October issue, we have not been able to secure our exchanges this month in time to do more than acknowledge them. Hence, we beg to be pardoned this time if we promise to never do it again. We promise.

Winnipeg Free Press: Reader's Notes, Sept. 4, 1911:

I have received a copy of ACTA VICTORIANA, the organ of Victoria College, Toronto, containing an account of a week's outing in the Canadian mountains by Mr. C. B. Sissons, one of the college staff. Mr. Sissons describes, among other things, an interesting climb of Sir Donald by the new route and an expedition into Lake O'Hara, over Opabin and Weachenma Passes to the glacier above Moraine Lake. What I like about it is the direct narrative without any flourishes of fine writing. And I hope that in a few years it will be no uncommon thing to find these Alpine narratives in all our college magazines. The article is illustrated from two photographs, one showing Mr. Sissons, the Rev. A. M. Gordon and Edouard Fenz, Sr., on the top of Sir Donald; and another, lacking any sign of humanity, showing a noble group of mountains in the Lake Louise region. The picture of the climbers on Sir Donald is not so labelled. I detected the several identities myself.



This autumn Victoria has her usual advantages and will have larger numbers to draw from than ever before. Playing all together we will win greater glory on the campus than in the past. For several seasons we must look to the class of 1915 to turn the scale in our favor.

At least one-half of last year's rugby and soccer players and two hockey regulars have gone out. A college man who fails to get into football in his first term will seldom care to join the awkward squad when one-quarter at least of his college life is lost. If the supremacy in soccer, rugby and hockey so gloriously won in 1909 and lost after reaching the finals last session is to be regained, the incoming year should fill every vacancy it can. And this depends first on each man's decision to do his utmost for his college.

We would suggest in passing that the work of the second teams be encouraged by all. If the seconds are called "scrubs" they are likely to earn their proud title. A team whose signals, for example, are confined to verbal instructions and a series of meaningless ciphers which deceive nobody will not put Mulock Cup winners on their mettle. But with team organization and some system of play the same squads will be glad to come out night after night. Let them be pitted against city or collegiate teams, and team spirit and ability will surely appear. Then Victoria II will uphold Victoria's reputation as well as assist the senior teams.

The Freshman and Athletics

A word to the first year men, and to others, about attendance and rooting is in season now before the season opens. Victories have been won by noise and lost by silence. This is the sordid

truth. Longings for triumph, if unexpressed, do not cheer your team when the crisis comes. We do not ask you to attend the final game for you just won't be able to stay away. But be at your post for the early games, when championships are won and lost, or perhaps there will be no final. And if the Glee Club really needs your voice bring a cow bell. If defeat does come, remember that a large body of rooters, not spectators, who cheer until the end win the respect of the victors. The teams don't quit, nor do they beg your support. But they will be appreciative if the students rally around their Marshal, Mr. Campbell at every game.

With teams that are well-conditioned and well-supported by all the years, Victoria will yet win back her honors and develop more players for herself and the University in the coming years.

Rugby and Soccer

New men willing to get into either sport will be welcomed by the captains.

Mr. Wilder manages the association football team, which is entered in the intermediate inter-faculty series. As this series begins and ends so early every man who has played the game at all should look for the announcement of every practice. Get in touch with the manager or with Captain Burwash.

The captain and manager of the rugby team are respectively Messrs. "Duff" Slein and Geo. S. Patterson. Rugby players are at times so quickly seasoned that even novices "make" a team. Certainly these officials will welcome and advise every aspirant. Don't wait for them to hunt you. Be a volunteer.

It is encouraging to note that the first year promises to be of unusual strength in athletics and that many athletes whose powers are well known are returning to represent us on Varsity teams or to play for the college.

The President of the Union, Mr. McLaren, is out with Varsity. He put up a strong game on our rugby half line in 1910. His loss will be felt, but not begrudged. It is to be hoped that he will again be available for hockey.

Graduation almost swept away the old soccer team; but Burwash, Wilder, Smith and Bishop are the nucleus for a strong team. Chances are brightened by the return of "Ollie" Jewitt, B.A., of the class of 1910, and a former captain.

But for Capt. Slein's decision to play quarter the rugby wing line would remain intact. Two scrimmage positions at least are open. Of last year's backs only Burt and Duggan are certainties. Rumball, the good kicking half of the 1910 team, may register for M.A. work and decide to play, while Jewitt has threatened before now to take up rugby.

The make-up and strength of the teams is thus seen to be uncertain. Positions are everybody's just now, and in a few weeks our chances of matching the most important championships will have been taken or let slip.

Girls' Athletics

A true college girl is not a bookworm or a "plug." She tries to round out her education and not go too far in any one direction. The physical as well as the mental must be developed. Mental training is a splendid thing; but of what use is it if the physical is neglected? Many useful, brilliant lives have been prematurely ended by overstudy. This too close application of the mind to study is not as prevalent as it used to be. People are beginning to see that a head crammed full of learning is no use to them, unless they have a strong, healthy body to carry it around.

Another thing to be avoided is having a conspicuous, athletic body and a conspicuously empty head. However, this is not too frequently the case, and we often find the happy medium. On looking up the records for the past few years, we see that those who have taken an active part in athletics generally managed to pass their exams. successfully. Of course there are exceptions to all rules.

Alley and Tennis Notes

Competition in handball with St. Michael's and the Dentals is keen, and this most democratic of pastimes is the big noise around the college. Everybody learns to slap at the innocent alley ball, and if numbers count a good team is assured.

It is safe to say that the new tennis courts placed so near to the gymnasium will not be left alone for long. With no more courts last year a tournament was "run" off successfully. And the game is bound to flourish equally this year, for a number of good ones, including Mr. Wiegand ('12), the University champion, are out again.



Good morning, friends. Here we are, we were going to say "again," but remember that this is our first meeting. Being a little bashful about addressing those who are acquainted with us we turn to those who have arisen and who know not Locals. From the shelter of an editorial position we train our glad smile upon the new arrivals. Welcome, Freshettes and Freshies. Your fresh gaiety, your timid innocence, your blooming cheek (s) have completely won our hearts. Welcome, all of you. Locals is de-e-lighted to have you in our midst. We view your presence with a kindly, paternal eye. Mr. M. Angelo and his vision of an angel in a block of marble but dimly typifies our relation to you. Wonderful possibilities loom up before us. You are here to be made something out of. Locals, assisted by various professors, takes up the task cheerfully. You must not forget to register immediately for a course with us. * Full particulars from the Registrar.

And just while we are on this strain the dictum of a very wise old man blends harmoniously. It must have been Socrates or Aristotle who delivered it, or somebody else who knew almost as much as a Sophomore. "Happy is that young man who hath brains so plenty that he maketh a fool of himself." The completion of the stanza is: "For the end of that man is Locals. Happy, thrice happy is he." Ah, yes, our dear fresh friends, you will not have rightly begun your Career (note the capital) until you have come under our watchful eye. And remember this. Your name's appearance on our list is a token of our esteem, your brains and blessedness.

First year fee collector approaching one of his class: "Have I marked you 'Paid' yet?"

"No, not yet, but you can, and I'm sure I'd give you the money if I had it."

It falls to our lot to remind the members of '15 that all freshmen are supposed to recognize the Seniors by touching their hats. How tell a Senior? Look for the halo.

First Freshette (rushing wildly into the room of second Freshette): "Have you Goodspeed's Greece?"

Second Freshette: "No; I've only vaseline."

Junior(on the lawn, watching her shadow): "Wouldn't you like to be as tall and graceful as your shadow is now?"

Miss Locke (absently): "Yes; my shadow is always becoming."

Prof. A—g—r (addressing last English class of '13 last April): "Don't try to bluff the examiners. If you don't know the answer to any question, put down what you think it should be."

Miss Hewitt, '11(after an English paper): "It was the fooliest paper I ever saw. It was like this: He said 'I didn't.' (1) Who said this?

"(2) Show the significance of this speech in the play, and complete the scene in which it occurs."

A freshie, describing his feelings as for the first time he joined in the Toronto yell, given in Convocation Hall, inaugural day, said: "I was afraid to *say* it too loudly for fear Mr. Falconer would look up." This expresses too correctly the apparent general feeling on that occasion amongst Vic. men. "V—e! V—e! V—i—e!" was not given in our hearing at all. Victoria forces were somewhat scattered, it is true, but there is considerable room for improvement in our rooting. Let us do our best to get into shape for the interfaculty games. Every freshie must learn to warble the College yell instantler, or be expelled.

"November Number Out October 15."—*From Arbor announcement poster.* Before or after Church?

'Sblood! The Turkish-Italian fiasco pales before the stentorian conflict of '14 and '15. On Friday afternoon, Sept. 29, the freshmen were bottled up together with some CS₂ (Colgate's Special, No. 2), which had been unbottled. Nothing strangled, the freshies carried on a fairly successful meeting. After the ladies had retired in beautiful disorder, the strife was continued on the lawn, to the mutual satisfaction of both. The result, on the whole, was a victory for both sides. Locals wishes all better success next time.



Spelling notwithstanding, it is said that a number of this year's freshmen are under the impression that the "Lives of the Poets" was written by Eric Johnston.

"Don't you know you must register by Sept. 27th?"

Hu—ph—y, '15: "I don't give a hooray for the 27th. I'll tell the Senate who I am, and I won't have to register till after Christmas."

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Does the pathetic story of the ten little niggers sitting on the fence remind anybody of '14 Bob Committee?

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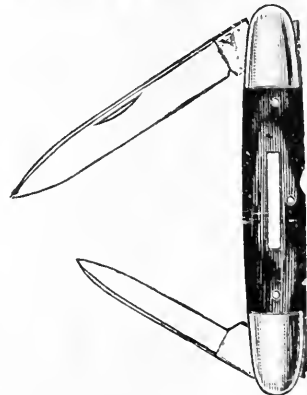
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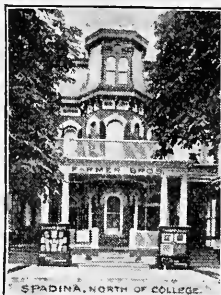
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